THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

No. 9. NOVEMBER 20, 1846. Vol. VIII.

IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE OF P. P. PRATT, DURING THE PERSECUTION IN MISSOURI, 1838.

(Extracted from the Prophet.)

Mr. Editor,—In a late number of the *Prophet* you published the testimony of our late Patriarch and much-lamented martyr, Hyrum Smith, in relation to the extermination of the Saints from the State of Missouri, in the years 1838 and 1839.—It will be borne in mind that I was a fellow-prisoner with him and his brother Joseph, and that I was tried by the same court or inquisition that he describes, and was a personal witness of most of the scenes related by him; and I hereby bear witness that he gives a clear and correct statement of the facts so far as I have any knowledge or recollection; and I firmly believe the whole of his testimony may be relied on, and handed down to posterity as one of the most clear, impartial, and intelligent histories of those times, although the hundredth part is not told, and probably never will be, either by the pen or tongue of mortal.

At the end of this extraordinary mock trial or inquisition, which lasted near two weeks, I was unchained and loosed from him and his brother and the others, and being separated from them, was conducted to a gloomy, dark, cold, and filthy dungeon, in Richmond, Ray county, where I was doomed to spend the winter and spring, and await a further trial, while they shared a similar fate in a place called Liberty, in Clay county.—When I first entered the dungeon there were some twenty sorrow-worn and wretched men, mostly heads of families, who had just been torn from the bosom of their families and thrust into prison. It was not only crowded to suffocation, without a chair, stool, bench, bed, furniture, or window light, but just then completely filled with smoke by a fire which was lighted in a stove, without a pipe or any conductor for the smoke to pass out, except at the crevices between the timbers, where the wintry storm was passing in.

When my guard conducted me to the door of this miserable cell, it grated on its huge hinges, and opened like the pit yawning to receive me; a volume of thick smoke issued forth and seemed to forbid my entrance, but urged in my rear by bayonets and loaded pistols in the hands of savage beings, I endeavoured to enter, but was forced to retreat again outside of the door to breathe for a moment the free air. At this instant several pistols were cocked and presented at my head and breast, with terrible threats and oaths of instant death if I did not go in again. I told them to fire as soon as they pleased, for I must breathe a moment or die in the attempt. After standing a few moments, I again entered the prison, and threw myself down, my face to the floor, to avoid the smoke. Here I remained for some

time, partly in a state of insensibility—my heart sickened within me, and a death-like feeling came over me, from which I did not wholly recover for several days. I arose, however, as soon as I was able, and began to speak to and recognize my fellow-prisoners, most of whom were my neighbours and acquaintances. The door was now locked, bolted, and barred, and several guards placed before it. The fire died away, and the smoke gradually cleared from the dungeon, but the floor formed a hard and cold winter lodging.

In a few days all those in our prison, except five, were released on bail, and themselves and bail banished from the State, with the rest of the society; thus compelling them to forfeit their bail bonds, which amounted in all to many thousand dollars. The five who remained were Morris Phelps, Darwin Chase, Norman Shearer, Luman Gibbs, and myself; two of these were soon dismissed, being boys scarcely out of their teens; but another was soon added by the name of King Follett. This made our final number four. One of our number, namely, Luman Gibbs, denied the faith and turned a traitor to the others, becoming their most inveterate enemy —this was in order to save his life and gain his liberty; however he was nominally kept in prison as a spy upon us, and lest it should be said that it was wholly a religious persecution. But he was treated very well, and went out to dine with the sheriff or others, or to spend a day with his wife when it pleased him to do so.

Our food was of the most unwholesome kind, and scant at that, consisting of bones and remnants of meat, coarse corn bread, and sometimes a little coffee. We generally partook of it in a standing position, using our fingers instead of knives, forks, or plates—a tin cup served us for our coffee.—We were guarded very strictly both night and day, by two or three men with loaded pistols. These consisted of the most unprincipled and profligate villains that could be found in the country. They would swear, drink, gamble, and sing the most obscene and disgusting songs —boast of shooting the Mormons, robbing and plundering them—committing rapes, &c.; they would also insult every female slave or black woman who might happen to come within hearing, and then boast of their criminal associations with them.—The blasphemy, the noisy grumbling, the blackguard chit chat, doleful lullaby, and vulgar songs of these guards grating daily upon our ears, seemed like the howls and wailings of the damned, or like wandering spirits and demons hovering around to torment us. What greatly added to our affliction, as if to complete our hell, the old apostate Gibbs became very quarrelsome and noisy, not only to us, but with his wife also, who sometimes came into the prison to spend a few days with him. He was a hard-faced ill-formed man, of about fifty years of age, full of jealousy, extremely selfish, very weak minded, and withal a little love-cracked; and I may say, that he seemed not to possess one redeeming quality.

His wife was about the same age, and, withal, a coarse, tall, masculine-looking woman, and one of whom he had no reason to complain or be jealous. True, she did not love him, for no female could possibly do that; but then no one else would love her, nor was she disposed to court their affections. However he was jealous of her, and therefore abused her, and this kept a constant and noisy strife and wrangling between them whenever she was present; whole nights were spent in this manner, during which no one in or about the prison slept. After a quarrel of some two or three days and nights between them, he would attempt to gain her love, and a conversation like the following would ensue. Luman drawing down his face, and drawling his words with a loud and doleful tone, commenced as follows:—"Now, Phila, wont you love me one hour? Come, here's my watch, and here is all the money I've got." Then turning to us he would exclaim, "Boys, I'll tell you all about it. The fact is she never did love me—she only married me out of pity, we being members of the Baptist Church together." Then again addressing his wife, "Come now, Phila, wont you love me? Oh, that I had been born a rich man, I would give you a dollar a minute to love me!" Phila would then laugh and call him a silly old fool. He would then turn away in a rage and exclaim, "Go along, away, you old b—h you, nobody wants your love, no how."

On one occasion they had quarrelled and kept us awake all night, and just at break of day we heard a noise like a scuffle and slamming against the wall, and next followed a woman's voice, half in a laugh and half exultation, "te-he-he-heh, Luman, what's the matter? what's the matter, Luman?" Then a pause. After-

wards a man's voice in a grum, sorry, and rather a whinning tone is heard at a distance from the bed, exclaiming—"Now I snum, Phila, that's tu bad." The truth of the matter was, she had braced her back against the wall, and with both feet placed against his body, had kicked him out of bed and landed him upon the opposite side of the room. Such scenes as these, and all the folly of the guards, served to complete the misery of imprisonment, and also to render our sufferings complete. We tried to keep them quiet, but tried in vain. Neither threats nor persuasion, coaxing nor reasoning had any influence over them. The old rascal was a peculiar favourite of the sheriff and guards, and other citizens of Richmond. He was considered by them as the only honest, good, deserving man in the prison. They often expressed pity for him, and wished he was at liberty. He, in turn, watched our movements closely, and was ready to betray us on the least show on our part of any meditated plan of escape.

Under these painful circumstances we spent a long and dreary winter. Our whole community, who were not in prison, were forced out of the State, with the loss of homes and property, and in some instances, even of life. They fled by thousands to Illinois. My wife visited me a few times in my prison, but at length the period expired that the State authorities had stipulated for every Mormon to be gone, and my wife and family, and a few others who remained behind, were obliged to fly or be exterminated, as bands of armed men were roaming amid the deserted settlements, robbing, plundering, destroying property, and threatening all who remained.

My fellow-prisoners, who had been separated from me and sent to the prison at Liberty, had also effected their escape, and had fled to Illinois to join their families; in short, all were gone, except King Follett, Morris Phelps, and myself, and the old apostate, who was left to torment us. Alone in a State which was wholly governed by an open banditti of murderers and robbers, we seemed abandoned to our fate, and doomed to suffer that full weight of vengeance and fury which seemed in reserve for an entire people; but that people were now beyond their reach, all the fury of the storm seemed now to beat upon our heads: we were daily threatened with extermination, without the form of a trial, and were repeatedly told that we never should escape alive from the State. Our guards were doubly vigilant, and our sheriff took every possible precaution, while Luman, the apostate, was also in constant watchfulness, and busy in forming up plans of escape, then accusing us, and pretending to reveal wonderful things to our keepers in regard to our plans, which, in fact, only existed in his lying brain. This increased the severity of our confinement and seemed to preclude every possibility of escape.

To be tried without friends or witnesses, or even with them, by a set of "Gadianton robbers" and murderers, who could drive out and murder women and children, was but to be condemned and executed; and to tarry there and drag out a miserable life, while our wives and children wandered abroad in a strange land, without the comfort or protection of husbands and fathers, was worse than to die ten thousand deaths. Under these circumstances, and half way between hope and despair, I spent some days in fasting and prayer, during which one deep and all-absorbing inquiry—one only thought seemed to hold possession of my mind. It seemed to me that if there was a God in heaven who ever spake to man on the earth, I would know from him the yea or nay of this one question. It was not how long shall I suffer—it was not when or by what means I should be delivered—but it was simply this: shall I ever, at any time, however distant it may be, or whatever I may suffer first—shall I ever be free again in this life, and enjoy the society of my dear wife and children, and walk abroad at liberty, dwell in society, and preach the gospel as I have done in bye-gone years? Let me be sure of this, and I care not what I suffer. To circumnavigate the globe—to traverse the deserts of Arabia—to wander amid the wild scenes of the Rocky Mountains to accomplish so desirable an object, would seem like a mere trifle if I only could be sure at last.

After some days of prayer and fasting, and seeking the Lord on the subject, I retired to bed in my lonely dungeon at an early hour, and while the other prisoners and the guard were chatting and beguiling the lonesome hours in the upper apartment of the prison, I lay in silence, seeking and expecting an answer to my prayer; when suddenly I seemed carried away in the spirit, and no longer sensible to out-

ward objects with which I was surrounded. A heaven of peace and calmness pervaded my bosom—a personage from the world of spirits stood before me with a smile of compassion in every look, and pity mingled with the tenderest love and compassion in every expression of the countenance—a soft hand seemed placed within my own, and a glowing cheek was laid in tenderness and warmth upon mine. A well-known voice saluted me, which I readily recognised as that of the wife of my youth, who had been dead for some years. I was made to realize that she was dead, but that her spirit was sent to commune with, and to comfort me, and to answer my questions. Knowing this, I said to her in a most earnest and enquiring tone—Shall I ever be at liberty again in this life, and enjoy the society of my family and the Saints, and preach the gospel as I have done? She answered deffinitely and unhesitatingly—"Yes!" I then recollected that I had agreed to be satisfied with the knowledge of that one fact, but now I wanted more. Said I, can you tell me how or by what means, or when, I shall escape? She replied—"That thing is not made known to me as yet." I instantly felt that I had gone beyond my agreement and my faith in asking this last question, and that I must be contented at present with the answer to the first. Her gentle spirit then saluted me and withdrew, and I came to myself. The doleful noise of the guards, and the wrangling and angry words of the old apostate again grated on my ears, but heaven and hope were in my soul.

Next morning I related the whole circumstance of my vision to my two fellow prisoners, who rejoiced exceedingly.—This may seem to some like an idle dream, or a romance of the imagination, but to me it was and always will be a reality, both as it regards what I then experienced and the fulfilment afterwards. Dear reader, if you think it an idle dream, come to me now and try to persuade me that I am not at liberty, and that it never has been fulfilled; recollect too, that I related it to two witnesses, some months before its fulfilment, and while, to all appearance, there was no prospect, or even probability of its being fulfilled.

In order to show some pretence of respect for some of the forms of law, Judge Austin A. King, granted a change of venue, by means of which we were finally to be removed one hundred miles down the country, and confined in the prison at Columbia, in Boon county, to await a final trial. A long and dreary winter and spring had now passed away, and the time drew near for our removal. We looked forward to the change with some degree of hope and expectation, for it could not be for the worse, and might, perhaps, be for the better; at any rate, the journey would give us a chance to leave our dark and loathsome dungeon and look upon the light of day, the beauties of nature, and to breath the untainted air.—The morning of the departure at length arrived. Mr. Brown, the sheriff, entered our prison with a fierce look, and bidding us hold out our hands, coupled us together in pairs, with irons locked on our wrists, and marched us out, and amid a throng of people, placed us in a carriage, and accompanied with four other guards on horseback with loaded pistols, drove away, and thus we bade farewell to Richmond.

It was a pleasant morning in early summer, when all the freshness and beauty of spring was blended in rich profusion with the productions peculiar to the season as it advanced towards maturity. The leaves on the trees were full grown, and the forest presented a freshness of beauty and loveliness which reminded me of paradise. The plains were covered with a coat of green, and the wild flowers of the prairie blooming in all their variety, sent forth a perfume which mingled with every zephyr, and wafted sweet odours on every breeze. And to prisoners who had breathed only a tainted air, the very ground itself sent forth a sweetness which was plainly perceptible to the senses. We enjoyed our ride through that delightful country, more than any being could who had never seen a prison. The day at length closed, and we were taken into a house, and stretched upon our backs on the floor, all fastened together with wrist and ankle irons, in such a manner that we could not turn nor change our position. The doors and widows were then made fast, and the sentinels on duty guarded us by turns until morning. This was our rest after a hard day's ride.

The next day proved extremely rainy, with heavy thunder but still we travelled. In the course of the day we came to a stream which was swollen by the rains to that degree that we had to swim over it and stem a swift current. This hindered

us for some hours, in crossing over with horses, wagons, luggage, &c.; and as all of us were engaged in this business, our chains were taken off for the time. When we had crossed over and put on our clothes, and replaced our baggage, saddles, arms, &c., ready for a start, it was night, and we were very weary and hungry, having had no refreshments during the day. The rain was also pouring in torrents, and the night setting in extremely dark, and four miles of wild country, partly covered with forests and underwood, still lay between us and the nearest house.—Through the hurry of the moment, or for some other reason, they neglected to replace our irons, and our limbs were free. The carriage drove through a thick forest during the extreme darkness, and was several times on the eve of upsetting. This caused us to assume a position for saving ourselves by rising upon our feet, ready to jump out in case of the carriage upsetting. The sheriff and guards seeing this, rode close on each side, and, cocking their pistols, swore they would shoot us dead upon the spot if we attempted to leave the carriage; and that if it upset, they would shoot us any how, for fear we might attempt to escape. The fact is, their intention was to shoot us on the way if they could get the least pretext, either real or pretended. This we learned both by their words and actions, but they found no opportunity.

After two days more of rain, hail, and travel, we arrived at Columbia, where we were immediately thrust into a gloomy dungeon, filled with darkness, filth, and cobwebs, and left to sleep upon the floor. We had travelled hard, through rain and fatigue for several days, and on the last day had rode till sundown without refreshment. We were extremely hungry and weary, but received no refreshment, not even a drink of water till late in the evening, when our new keeper, Mr. John Scott, visited us with some buttermilk and bread, but we were now too much exhausted and two low spirited to eat. We thanked him for his kindness, and sunk down exhausted on the floor, where we rested as well as we could till morning. We saw no more of Sheriff Brown and his guards who conducted us, and will now dismiss them without further notice, except to observe that both he and his guards insulted every black woman they met during the whole journey, and frequently turned aside with them in the woods and fields, and afterwards, on returning to the company, would boast of that which ought to crimson with shame the face of the most abandoned villain.

After spending one night in our new dungeon, we were called on by the sheriff to come up into a more comfortable apartment, and were treated with some degree of humanity. We were now no longer troubled with guards, and even our old apostate Luman, behaved much better. We had been in our new situation something like a month, when we were visited by some friends from Illinois, from whom we learned the fate of our families and friends. The wife of Mr. Phelps rode 160 miles on horseback, accompanied by her brother, a young man named Clark. They arrived in Columbia and paid us a visit in prison, about the first of July. My brother Orson also arrived on horseback about the same time. From these friends we had a good visit for some days, they being permitted to stay in the prison with us. They also brought a letter from Mrs. Pratt, by which I learned that she made her escape from Far West, Missouri, to Quincy, Illinois (distance 200 miles), with her children and some of her goods, by the aid of Mr. David Rogers, one of our friends with whom we had been acquainted in New York. This gentleman removed her in a two-horse wagon. During the journey they were much exposed to hardships and trouble, having to camp by the way in company with other women and children who were in a like condition.

On crossing a swollen stream, Mrs. Pratt had left the carriage to cross on a foot bridge, leaving the children to ride through it. She had just crossed over and turned to look back to see whether the carriage came through in safety; but as the horses rose the bank and came out with the carriage and driver, she saw a little girl's bonnet floating down the current, and on examination, her daughter Mary Ann, a girl of six years old, was missing from the carriage; the next moment she saw her floating down the swift current. She gave the alarm to Mr. Rogers, the driver, who instantly dropped the reins and sprang after her into the stream. At that instant, the horses being high spirited and restive, started to run, and would probably have dashed themselves and the carriage, goods and children in pieces, but

for the timely interference of a large prong of a tree, which caught the carriage with such a strong hold, that all was brought to a stand. In the mean time Mr. Rogers succeeded in rescuing the child, and bringing her safe to shore. She had, as she stated, pitched head foremost out of the carriage into the water, and one of the wheels passed over her lap and crushed her fast into the mud at the bottom of the stream; but as it rolled over, she caught the spokes with her hands, and by this means the same weight that crushed her down, brought her to the surface and saved her life. On examination the mark of the wheel was distinctly seen on both her thighs, which were seriously injured and nearly broken.

After a wearisome journey, and various toils and dangers, they at length arrived at Quincy, where Mrs. P. rented a small house, and by the sale of a few books, with the use of her two cows, which some of the brethren had brought from Missouri for her, she was making shift to live from day to day, and still had some faint hopes of seeing her husband again, in a land of liberty, although at present there was little ground to hope, and she was sometimes nearly in despair. Such was the news brought us by the arrival of our friends in the prison at Columbia, on the first of July, 1839, after eight months of dreary confinement.

Previous to their arrival, the Lord had shown me in a vision of the night, the manner and means of escape, and, like Pharaoh's dream, the thing had been doubled to me, that is, shown to me on two occasions in the same manner. Mrs. Phelps had the same thing shown to her in a vision, previous to her arrival; and my brother Orson Pratt also came to us, with a firm impression that we were about to be delivered, and he even predicted that we should go to Illinois about the same time that he himself would return. As we sat pondering upon these things, and comparing our visions and manifestations of the spirit on this subject, my brother Orson opened the Book of Mormon, and the first sentence that caught his eye was the words of Ammon to king Lamoni—"Behold my brother, and my brethren are in prison, in the land of Middoni, and I go to deliver them!"—This was indeed a similar instance to ours. Ammon, on that occasion had an own brother in prison, and also brethren in the ministry, and did deliver them. Our case was exactly similar, not in Middoni, but in Missouri. And what was still more strange, in a book of six hundred pages, this was the only sentence which would have fitted our case.

Some may call us superstitious for noticing so small a matter as a providential encouragement, but I am humble enough to own the truth by saying that this small circumstance cheered our hearts, and increased our faith and hope of a speedy deliverance; and the more so when Morris Phelps, who was then slow to believe, opened the New Testament to see what Providence or accident might direct his attention to, for still further confirmation of our hopes. To this movement I objected, saying, do not tempt the Lord; if you will not take courage and be satisfied from what we have already witnessed, you would still be in doubt though one should rise from the dead; but he still persisted. He said, let me open the book this once, and see if I don't meet with a sentence well calculated for our encouragement. He accordinly opened, and the sentence read as follows: "Why is it that ye are so fearful? and how is it that ye have no faith?" Reader, if you feel disposed to make light of our simplicity in this matter, you have only to be torn from a lovely wife and children, while they are disinherited and driven to a strange land, and then be confined for eight months among the most unprincipled savages, with no hope of deliverance, except by an immediate interposition of Providence; then you can appreciate such things and easily excuse us.

We now began in earnest to make arrangements for our escape; but if there had been no strong bolts and bars to overcome, still there was one serious obstacle which a miracle alone could immediately remove—which was this. I was then very sick and scarcely able to stand on my feet, or to go up and down from the upper room, where we were in the day time, to the dungeon where we slept. It was near the 2nd of July, and our friends could only make an excuse for staying to spend the great national holiday with us (the 4th), before they must take leave or excite the suspicions and ill-will of the people; and as that day had been a lucky one for our fathers and our nation, we had determined on that time as the proper one to bid farewell to bondage and gain our liberty. In short, we determined to make

that notable day a jubilee to us, or perish in the attempt. We therefore prayed earnestly to the Lord, that if he had determined to favour our plan, he would heal and strengthen me, and give us all courage to act well our part. I was instantly healed, and from that moment begun to feel as strong and fearless as a lion.

Our plan was this:—my brother Orson Pratt was to wait on the judge and attorney, and obtain various papers and arrangements for summoning witnesses from Illinois to attend our trial, which had just been adjourned for some months to come. He was also to procure an order from the court to take affidavits in Illinois, in case the witnesses were afraid to come (to the State from whence they had been banished) in order to testify in our behalf. These active preparations on our part to defend our case, together with engaging a lawyer or two, and paying a part of their fee beforehand, served as a sufficient blindfold to cover our real intentions. This done, and the papers all prepared in the hands of my brother, he and Mrs. Phelps and her brother, were to stay with us until the 4th, and after celebrating the day with a dinner in the prison (which we obtained leave to do), he and the young man, Mr. Clark, were to take leave with their horses, and also the horse and saddle on which Mrs. Phelps had rode, on pretence of taking him home with them to Illinois, while she stayed with her husband a few weeks in the prison; in the mean time engaging her board in the family of the keeper, who occupied part of the building in connexion with the prison. This measure, on the part of Mrs. Phelps, served the double purpose of lulling them into security, as to fears of any intention on our part to escape, and also of furnishing a third horse, as there were three of us. These three horses were to be stationed in a thicket, or forest about half a mile from the prison, and there the two friends were to await in readiness for us to mount, should we be so fortunate as to reach the thicket alive. Sundown, on the evening of the fourth, was the moment agreed upon, and if we did not then appear they were to give us up for lost, and make the best of their way to Illinois, and inform our families and friends that we had gone to paradise in the attempt to come to them. The reason for appointing this hour was this. Our door would be opened at sundown to hand in our supper, and we must then make the attempt, as our only chance; for it was customary to lock us up in the lower dungeon as soon as the shades of evening began to appear.

This plan all matured, and the arrangements completed with the court and the lawyers—the fourth of July dawned upon us with hope and expectation. And while the town and nation were alive with the bustle of preparation, for the celebration of the American jubilee, and while guns were firing and music sounding without, our prison presented a scene of scarcely less life and cheerfulness. We were also busy in preparing to do proper honours to the day. We had prevailed on the keepers to furnish us with a long pole, on which to suspend a flag, and also with some red stripes of cloth. We then tore a shirt in pieces, and took the body of it for the ground work of a flag, forming with the red stripes of cloth an American eagle, and the word 'Liberty' in large letters. This rude flag of red and white was suspended on the pole from the prison window, directly in front of the public square and court house, and composed one of the greatest attractions through the day. Hundreds of the people from the country, as well as villagers, who were there at the celebration, would come up and stare at the flag, and reading the motto, would go swearing or laughing away, exclaiming, "Liberty, liberty! What have the Mormons to do with celebrating liberty in a damned old prison?"

In the mean time active preparations were in progress for our public dinner, and with the contributions of our friends who were to partake with us, and a portion served from the public table of the citizens of the town (who, by-the-bye, though in favour of Mormon expulsion, were a hundred per cent better than the mob of the upper country, where we were first confined), we had a plentiful supply, and as we considered it was to be a day of release to us, as well as already sacred to the memory of departed liberty, we partook of our feast with much cheer, and with thankful as well as social feelings, which I think has been seldom if ever surpassed. O! ye sons of Columbia, at home and abroad, on the land or on the sea, think back to the fourth of July, 1839. Call to mind your feast in honour of national freedom, and ask yourselves the question, whether in all your pomp and show of joy and social glee, you felt any thing compared with our feelings, or the interest excited during

that feast. Eight months and four days we had been deprived of the sweets of that liberty which a whole nation was then engaged in celebrating; and in the language of the Scottish bard we said—

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
To trample on a tyrant's power;
To burst at once the prison's gloom,
Or find a martyr'd hero's tomb.

The dinner over, our brethren took a final leave of us and our prison, loaded with love, respects, compliments, and messages to our families and friends in Illinois; and all these, together with the good byes and farewells, were heard and witnessed by the keeper's family, and served the purpose for which it was intended, namely, to lull them into security, and to remove all possible ground of suspicion as to our intentions. After riding out of the town, and a mile or two into the forest, on the road towards Illinois, they turned off into the thick-leaved wilderness, and made their way in secret, as best they could, to the thicket agreed upon, within about half a mile of the prison, where with horses saddled and bridle reins in hand, they awaited in anxious suspense the slow progress of the setting sun.

To be Continued.

Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

NOVEMBER 20, 1846.

RE-BAPTISM.

BAPTISM by immersion in water is ordained of heaven for the remission of sins. The repentant, broken-hearted sinner is the fair and acceptable candidate to pass through this door into the church or kingdom of God; and "except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

When members of our church have become cold and indifferent by the neglect of duty, and have fallen into a lukewarm state, but afterwards cherish a desire to be re-baptized, and covenant anew to keep the commandments of God, it is their right and privilege to confess their sins, humble themselves before God, and do their first work by being immersed in water, and thus their second baptism is no less for the remission or forgiveness of sins than their first; yet to break a solemn covenant by becoming cold, indifferent, or lukewarm, so as to render re-baptism often necessary, is certainly dangerous, for repeated neglect of duty, and the frequent breaking of your covenant, will render you unworthy the protection of God's spirit, and you will find yourselves caught in the snare of the devil in some unexpected moment.

Those who are re-baptized should be again confirmed, but not again ordained, unless they have been cut off from the church, for their priesthood is not taken away by the act of re-baptism. Such persons as have been cut off from the church for transgression, and admitted again by baptism three times, can no more be admitted to the fellowship and communion of the church, if expelled a third time; such members, therefore, as have been expelled from the body three times for transgression, can no more be baptized or admitted into the church. We have done our duty towards them—our garments are clear of their blood—and let their names not only be erased from all the records of the Saints, but completely obliterated or blotted out, so that no one can read them. Ye Saints and Elders see that this is done, lest their sins and inquities cleave unto you. But if they return and repent, before they are thus cut off, thou shalt forgive them until seventy times seven.

The form of re-baptising is very similar to that of the first. Calling the candidate by his or her given name, saying (JAMES or MARY ANN) having authority given me of Jesus Christ, or being commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize thee *for the remission of thy sins* in the name of, &c., &c., after the usual mode. Let proper solemnity and decorum be strictly observed in all your administrations, and let not the multitude of the Saints rush thoughtlessly to the waters of re-baptism, but let them be well taught and faithfully instructed by the presiding Elders of the conferences before the work is begun; and let every Saint fully understand, that every time he may renew his covenant by baptism or otherwise, that he is held under stronger obligations to do his duty, and also exposed to greater snares, temptations, and evils, if he does not do it. Be wise and humble, and indulge not in sin, thinking you can be baptized for remission, for the bow that is too often bent loses its elasticity.—The Elders and friends are requested to be particularly careful in selecting safe and proper places for baptizing; and to avoid any accident, the person officiating should first go into the water alone with a stick, and ascertain if he can baptize with safety and convenience. People in this country have not much spare time, and therefore they frequently have to avail themselves of the night season to get baptized in. This fact renders it very necessary for the Elders to be very cautious and particular in the selection of a safe and proper place, even if they have to go a little further, that this ordinance may be safely attended to, even in the night season, as in the case of the Jailer and his household.

A copy of the petition which we intend to present to her Majesty is inserted in this number of the STAR. We shall send blank sheets to the presiding Elders of each conference, requesting them to get thereon all the signatures they can, and forward the same to us with as little delay as possible, that we may attach the sheets containing the signatures of the Saints and others that may sign, to the petition, and forward the same to her Majesty as soon as possible.

Brethren and sisters, do you wish to emigrate? If you do, get your names placed upon the paper, and send them to us; and as the getting up of this petition and presenting it will be attended with some expense, we ask the Saints to send us a little contribution for this purpose. The presiding Elders will please attend to this. Let presiding Elders of each conference take an active part in obtaining the names of all their members, both male and female, and as many others as they can. Preserve the sheets as clean as possible, and let the names be written with care. We wish this work done with promptness and dispatch, and when we want the sheets, we will call for them. Be ye therefore ready.

STRANGISM.—INVITATION TO IMPOSTERS.

The Strangite delegation, namely, Harris, Brooks, and their companion, on arriving in Liverpool, complained very much that they could not get an opportunity to do the work which the Lord sent them to perform. Elder Marsden, of this town, handled them so effectually in Birkenhead, and made Strangism look so contemptibly mean, that Martin publicly denied being sent by Strang, or being in any way, connected with him. This he did in presence of many witnesses, and not in some remote region where nobody could ascertain the fact, but here in Birkenhead, where we all know it. But being an American ourself, and having some little feeling of respect for our fellow-countrymen, we thought proper to send them an invitation to meet with us, as their operations had been mostly limited to one or two persons who had been excommunicated from our church for some time. We thought that if the Lord had sent them, they might accept our invitation and come,

but if the devil had sent them, we were confident they would not come to the light. We knew that God had not sent them, yet we could not tell whether Mr. Strang or the devil had sent them, or whether they had come themselves; but it was our opinion that His Satanic Majesty, Strang, Brooks, and Harris concocted the mission in company.

The following note was sent to their lodging place, by Elder Brown, a gentlemanly and responsible man, but they were not in. Elder Brown read the note to the family, named Styles, where they made their home, and Mrs. Styles said that if they did not come in by six o'clock she would send it to them. But lest they might say that they were unwell, or that they did not get the note in time, or that they were going a journey, we sent Elder Brockbank, some time before the hour of meeting, a man of character and standing in society, to ascertain if they had got the note. He found that they had received it in due time, but declined improving the admirable opportunity which we offered them on this occasion. They said that the eighth number of the STAR contained falsehoods which they were sorry to see. Elder Brown observed to the people of the house that if they would attend our meeting, according to the following invitation, they should have the privilege of showing what was false, and if any thing was found to be untrue in that paper it should be corrected in the next. He also re-assured them upon the honour of a gentleman and a christian, that they should not be harmed or molested in any improper manner if they would attend. But they did not come, and our garments are clean.

We have washed our hands and our feet—we have shaken the dust of our garments against them, and borne testimony of the same to our Father in heaven. And let this dust cleave to them as a witness of condemnation, and let it cleave to that house that knowingly receives them or harbours them, or that bids them God speed, either directly or indirectly, or that shall knowingly receive, harbour, or entertain any others that may come after them on the same, or on a similar errand. The following is a copy of the invitation:—

Liverpool, 5th November, 1846.

TO MESSRS. HARRIS, BROOKS, AND COMPANION.

Gentlemen,—To-morrow evening, Friday the 6th, will be our council meeting in the Vaccine Institution, Back Colquitt Street, at which most of the priesthood belonging to this conference will be assembled, and as you wish for an opportunity to break out of your private and limited circle of operation, and get before the public, you may then and there have the oportunity to speak if you will attend.

You say that the Lord hath sent you, and if so, you ought to have the chance of speaking; but if he has not sent you, and you are working privately to turn away the people from the truth, it is our duty to try those who say they are Apostles, lest, perhaps, they might not be, and thus be found liars as of old.

You may advocate the claims of Mr. Strang or yourselves, which you like. You shall have a reasonable time to speak without molestation in any way, and if you have superior wisdom and intelligence, with the spirit and power of God, the weight of your Apostleship will be fully appreciated. So now, our garments are clear of your blood. Elder Taylor will probably be present.

As ever, a friend to the virtuous and good,
For ORSON HYDE,
T. D. BROWN.

At Mr. Styles's.

ALTHOUGH DEAD, YET HE SPEAKETH.

JOSEPH SMITH'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING MEN BEING ORDAINED BY ANGELS, DELIVERED IN THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS, IN KIRTLAND, OHIO, IN THE WINTER OF 1832-3.

The occasion which called forth his testimony upon this matter was as follows:—One Francis G. Bishop, an Elder in our church, was very anxious to be ordained a High Priest, but he was not considered a proper candidate to fill the office at that time; and his urgent solicitations to be promoted to the High Priesthood, confirmed the Saints in the opinion that he wanted a high station without meriting it, or without being called by the

Spirit of God to that work. He was sent forth into the world to preach in the capacity and calling of an Elder; but he was not long out before he declared himself to be a High Priest—and that he was ordained by an angel from heaven. This made much stir in the branches of the church and also in the world. But when the news of his proceedings reached the prophet Joseph, he called Bishop home forthwith. He was introduced into the school of the prophets, and there closely questioned upon his course. He said he was ordained by an angel to the High Priesthood; yet, on a more close examination, he crossed his own testimony and statements—became confused, and blushed with shame and guilt—he fell down upon his knees and confessed that he had lied in the name of the Lord—begged to be forgiven and cried aloud for mercy. We all forgave him, but we could not give him our confidence, for he had destroyed it. Elder Sidney Rigdon was present at that meeting, and though he has since fallen, still he knows that my statements are correct. Zebedee Coultrin was also present, and many others that I might name.

Brother Joseph observed to Bishop that he knew he had lied before he confessed it; that his declarations were not only false in themselves, but they involved a false principle. An angel, said Joseph, may administer the word of the Lord unto men, and bring intelligence to them from heaven upon various subjects; but no true angel from God will ever come to ordain any man, because they have once been sent to establish the priesthood by ordaining me thereunto; and the priesthood being once established on earth, with power to ordain others, no heavenly messenger will ever come to interfere with that power by ordaining any more. He referred to the angel that came to Cornelius and told Cornelius to send for Peter; but if there had been no Peter with keys and power to administer, the angel might have done it himself; but as there was, the angel would not interfere. Saul was directed to go to Ananias for instruction and to be administered to by him; but if there had been no Ananias with power and authority on the earth to administer in the name of Christ, the Lord might have done it himself. You may therefore know, from this time forward, that if any man comes to you professing to be ordained by an angel, he is either a liar or has been imposed upon in consequence of transgression by an angel of the devil, for this priesthood shall never be taken away from this church.

This testimony was delivered in an upper room, in the south-west corner of the White Store and dwelling-house, formerly occupied by Whitney and Gilbert, situate on Kirtland Flats.

If men would regard the testimony of the servants of God who have laid down their lives for the cause, they would have little to fear of being misled; but when the spirit of apostacy takes possession of a man's heart, he becomes completely blind to every true principle, and is filled with strife, debate, deceit, false accusation, and treachery. He cherishes no desire to convert and save the world, but is content to confine his operations to the church, which he slanders, defames, and, like a ravening wolf, tries to tear in pieces and destroy; and having no merit of his own to bring him into notice, he seeks to obtain notoriety by contention and debate, which the Lord declares are not of him but of the devil. Their hearts being a fountain of evil, they can speak nothing but evil; they, being disciples of the "*accuser of our brethren*," can do nothing but accuse the brethren like their master whom they serve; they, having a beam in their own eye, can see nothing but the mote in their brother's eye; and well did the Saviour ask such characters, "How can ye, being evil, speak good things?" They are like the filthy and indelicate bird that has no relish for sweet and wholesome meat, but likes to feast on tainted flesh and putrid carcasses. Mr. Strang, like Bishop, claims that an angel ordained him.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANY: OR, TITBITS FOR OUR AMERICAN READERS.

Sela Lane was expelled from the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Nauvoo, for base and wicked conduct, and returned to the city of New York soon after. When we were in that city in the early part of September last, this said Lane came before the church there and confessed his sins, but said that he had been led into transgression by that abominable wicked character, William Smith. The church there told him that Wm. Smith had more sins of his own to answer for than he would be able to cancel, and that they could not allow him to make Smith his "scape-goat." If he was received back into the church (which he weepingly desired), they told him that he must be his own scape-goat, and confess that he went into sin and transgression because he chose to do so, and not attempt to lay the blame upon another. To this he agreed, and the church then consented that he might be baptized and confirmed in the church and remain as a member. But on learning that this said Lane threatened violence against certain ones that informed

of him, we told the presiding Elder there not to baptize Lane. This said Lane then goes and joins Strang, and becomes a true yoke-fellow with William Smith who led him into such awful sloughs of drunkenness and debauchery. Oh, happy pair! The glory of thy union is like the odours that rise from a den of pole-cats, or like the perfume that ascends from a putrid carcase to invite to a sumptuous feast every bird whose maw can alone be satisfied with that kind of food.

We wonder if brother Hardy believes his own pamphlet, written against Smith and Adams? or if Smith and Adams have become converted to the truth of Hardy's pamphlet, and have received him into their fellowship? Remember that that pamphlet tells of *bloody deeds*. But, perhaps, as Adams had ingenuity enough to screen his brother William from exposure at that time, he may now have faith and purity enough (being a celebrated reformer in the East), to cure brother William without the aid of medicine, and thus save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins. If brother Hardy has any of his pamphlets on hand, we would recommend him to furnish his old friends, Adams and Smith, each with one, in order to stir up their pure minds, by way of remembrance, and furnish Adams with suitable matter to improve the *morals* of the "DRAMA." A man whose apostolic charge has become so extensive under Mr. Strang, can afford to advocate the claims of the *drama*; for it requires the same kind of spirit and talent to advocate the claims of Mr. Strang that it does to advocate the claims of the drama. We would like to ask brother Foster, of New York, and brother Gibson, of Philadelphia, if they do not often hear Adams, Smith, Lane, Page, and Co., whisper to them and say, "*How we apples swine together.*" As the people of England have never seen Hardy's pamphlet, we would recommend the *holy brotherhood* to re-publish it in the *Star of the East* and the *Voree Herald*, that its pithy contents may be the more extensively disseminated. We have one or two lying among our waste paper, but we confess that we do not like to handle them without a long pair of old-fashioned tongs. Still, if an edition of them were circulated in this country, they might open the way for Harris, Brooks, and Co., and even for Moses Smith of "stolen goods memory," to get a place to lay their heads, which they are now unable to do without money. If the people of this country should be inclined to doubt the correctness of the above pamphlet, we can only inform them that it was written by one of their own party, whose poetic talent is rolled up in the napkin of the *Star in the East*. The Hardy above alluded to, is not the one that has laboured in England.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER AND SISTER MARSDEN'S LITTLE INFANT SON.

BY ELDER JOHN CLEMENTS, OF THIS TOWN.

Weep not for him that's dead and gone,
Nor to despair be driven,
Your child is sav'd through Jesus Christ,
And he is gone to heaven.

Gone far away from wicked men,
To mingle with the good,
That wash'd their robes and made them white,
In Christ's atoning blood.

'Tis true the trial was severe,
That tore him from your breast,
But oh! do not desire him now,
For he is gone to rest.

When lying suffering on your knee,
Your heart was like to break,
And oft you sigh'd and wept aloud,
Oh! could my child but speak!

And still you mourn his absence now,
And think you are bereav'd;
Sister, look up, thy God is good,
Woman, thy child is sav'd.

"Shed not for him the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to sore regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that fill'd it sparkles yet."

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The sisters of Liverpool and elsewhere have our grateful acknowledgments for their praiseworthy exertions in raising funds for the completion of the Temple. Sister Hill, of Liverpool, has forwarded accounts to us for upwards of twenty pounds, paid by the sisters of this branch. Although the Temple is completed, we cannot enjoy it because the wicked bear rule, and the people mourn; nevertheless God will humble the wicked that persecute and slay the just, and exalt such as be of low degree, and make them pillars in his everlasting temple to go no more out. Sisters, you shall then, if not before, be rewarded for your labours of love.

MR. REUBEN HEDLOCK, we are sorry to say, was appointed presiding Elder of the church in England, by Elder Woodruff. Elder Woodruff designed no wrong, but he was fearful of hurting the feelings of some if he did not do it. The confidence of the Saints in England was unlimited in Hedlock, and if any other man had been appointed to preside, there would have been much dissatisfaction. Brother Woodruff was satisfied that he was not sound at heart, but thought, under existing circumstances, that the Saints must find it out themselves. He has borrowed much money of different persons, but we cannot be any more responsible for the debts which he has contracted, than we can for debts contracted by the presiding Elder of a branch or of a Conference.

HONOUR EVERY MAN IN HIS CALLING.—Many of the Saints apply to us to lay our hands upon them and bless them. We should have no objection to do this if our time and strength would permit it, but the labours of our delegation are so great that we have little or no time to rest, day or night, and it is the duty of the patriarchs to minister in these things. We are sent here to minister in word and in doctrine, and also to organize the church on better principles, and to direct its temporal and spiritual affairs in a safe and advantageous channel. This is all we have strength to do, and we hope that our brethren and sisters will consider our condition, and remember that if we lay our hands upon one to bless, others will feel themselves slighted if we do not the same to them. This would require more than all our time and strength. Again, after we have preached a lengthy discourse and have become faint and exhausted thereby, it is not right for the people to ask us to lay our hands upon any one, for we have poured out our spirit and blessing upon the people, and just at that time we have little or no spirit left either to bless or to heal them. We wish the Saints to have mercy upon us in this respect wherever we go, and not suffer us to be used up and worn out before the time that our required labours are performed. We bless you always in God's name, and we will lay our hands upon your sick and bless them also when we have faith, strength, and spirit to do it. But do not call upon us directly after preaching, but call upon other elders who have not spoken. May heaven bless and heal you all. Amen.

TRUTH.—If a man would be wedded to truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is a union that must survive not only death, but time, the conqueror of death. The adorer of truth, therefore, is above all present things, firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery; he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them; decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought; and abused by all parties because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin which is always painted more crooked than a ram's horn, although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

"De konkrekashun vill shing de von tousant and tow't psalm," said a Dutch parson. "There are not so many in the book," said the chorister. "Vell den, pleeshe to shing so many as tare pe."

LIST OF MONIES RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

	£	s.	d.
James Cantwell, per Henderson, late of Crewe	0	17	6
Richard Eatough	1	3	8
George Robins	3	10	0
John Johnson	4	3	0
Joseph Wooton	2	0	0
Thomas Smith	4	0	0
F. D. Richards	7	0	0
William Gibson	3	10	0
William Emsly, balance of account	1	2	2
Edward Horrocks	0	15	6
William West	2	10	0
Charles Miller	1	15	0
Carried forward	£32	6	10

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	32	6	10
Anthony Lofthouse	3	0	0
Benjamin Wright	1	15	0
James Hughes	2	0	0
William Frodsham	0	9	8½
John Halliday	1	2	6
William M'Ghie	0	11	3
Leonard Hall	3	0	0
Edwin Senior	0	10	0
William Broomhead	2	5	0
William Clark	2	0	0
John Parkinson	1	8	0
John Swindlehurst	1	3	0
	£51	11	3½

MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN FOR THE RELIEF, BY EMIGRATION, OF A PORTION OF HER POOR SUBJECTS.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

May it please your Majesty:

We, the undersigned, men and women of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, approach your Majesty with every sentiment of loyal and affectionate devotion to your person, and with sincere respect for the Patriotic Virtues by which your Reign has been so eminently distinguished. We feel the strongest confidence in your Majesty's deep and earnest desire for the happiness and prosperity of your people. We know, from your Majesty's own assurance, that the privations and sorrows of the unemployed and destitute portions of the community, have not in vain appealed for sympathy and compassion to your heart. We, therefore, anticipate for this, our respectful memorial, a gracious and considerate reception.

Your memorialists are moved to address your Majesty by the unexampled amount of abject, helpless, and unmerited misery which at present prevails among the labouring classes of this country. By all your memorialists this wretchedness has, to some extent, been witnessed; by all it has been deplored, and by many among them it has been bitterly felt. The sufferings and destitution of these portions of your Majesty's subjects have, in the judgment of your memorialists, reached a point at which it has become the duty of both sexes, and of all ranks, to use every constitutional means for their relief and remedy.

Your memorialists are daily the witnesses of a frightful increase of poverty and pauperism; while those who are at present in circumstances above the reach of absolute want, are constantly becoming less able to sustain the burden of supporting the poor.

Your memorialists beg your Majesty to believe that in bringing these painful facts under your Majesty's notice, and in pointing to what, to your memorialists appears a just and necessary measure of relief, they are impelled by an overwhelming sense of moral obligation and christian duty, and that no less a motive would have induced them to appear thus prominently in public affairs.

Your memorialists, without attempting to enumerate the many alledged causes of the present national distress and suffering, feel convinced that Emigration to some portion of your Majesty's vacant territories is the only permanent means of relief left to a rapidly increasing population, which, if retained here, must swell the aggregate amount of misery, wretchedness, and want.

Your memorialists believe that, if a part of the poor and destitute portion of your Majesty's loyal subjects were sent to the Island of Vancouver, or to the great territory of Oregon, through your Majesty's gracious interference and Royal aid, they might there find a field of labour and industry, in which, after a short period, they could not only benefit themselves, but open an effectual door for the interchange of commodities with the home country, having brought into cultivation the soil that now lies untenanted, and thus indirectly raise a revenue that would more than balance the expenditures of the present emigration.

It is now fully settled and determined that Vancouver's Island, with a large portion of the Oregon territory, on the Great Pacific Coast belongs to your Majesty's Empire. Their fine and extensive fisheries—their safe and commodious natural harbours for ships—the salubrity of their climate, and their remarkable similarity to the climate of the south of England—all, in the opinion of your memorialists, offer strong inducements to the surplus population of England to make that delightful section their future home.

Your memorialists believe that your Majesty cherishes the wish, and they pray your Majesty to exert all that constitutional influence and power which will effectually accomplish their removal to the distant shores of a country, the natural resources of which are waiting to be developed, to reward the hand of industry, and to fill with plenty thousands that wander here at present without employment, and consequently without bread.

Your memorialists are no less aware than your Majesty, that the government of the United States is doing much to favour the settlement of its territories on the Western Coast, and even to settle territory now in dispute between it and the Republic of Mexico. While, therefore, the United States do manifest such a strong inclination, not only to extend and enlarge their possessions in the West, but also to people them, will not your Majesty look well to British interests in those regions, and adopt timely and precautionary measures to maintain a balance of power in that quarter—which, in the opinion of your memorialists, is destined, at no very distant period, to participate largely in the China trade.

Your memorialists, therefore, humbly but earnestly supplicate your Majesty to take the present afflicting condition of your subjects into your prompt and gracious consideration, and to interpose your Royal aid, as far as it may be constitutionally rendered, to provide means for the immigration of your memorialists who are not able to provide for themselves—to give them employment in improving the harbours of those countries, or in erecting posts of defence; or if this be inexpedient, to furnish them provisions and means of subsistence until they can produce them from the soil.

Your memorialists further ask your Majesty to consider the propriety of sending out a small military force for the protection of emigrants against savage invaders upon that coast. And again, your memorialists ask your Majesty to favourably consider the propriety of allowing to each male emigrant, who is more than twenty-one years old, who may become an actual settler, a grant of land corresponding in extent to grants proposed to be allowed by the United States Government to its subjects, who become actual settlers in its extreme Western territories, namely, from three hundred and twenty to six hundred and forty acres.

Your memorialists are mostly anxious to avail themselves of the earliest opportunity to sail to the place of their future desired home, where they may begin to convert "the wilderness and the solitary place into fruitful fields," hoping, that under the blessing of Heaven, and under the gracious protection and fostering care of their Sovereign, they may soon close their eyes upon the stern and angry frowns of poverty and want, and open them to greet the smiles of peace and plenty.

Finally, the prayer which your memorialists offer at the footstool of HIM by whom Kings reign and Princes decree justice is, that your Majesty's reign may be protracted and peaceful in the midst of a devoted and prosperous people; that the choicest of heavenly blessings may descend upon your Majesty's person, upon your Royal Consort, and upon your illustrious offspring; and that, after a long and righteous administration you may be able to say, "When the ear heared me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widows heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness and it clothed me; my judgment was a robe and a diadem."—And thus your memorialists will ever pray.

THE INQUIRY, AND THE INQUIRY ANSWERED.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindl'd to a whisper low,
Sighing for pity, as it answered—No!

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favour'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The wild waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sighed to answer—No!

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind the cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—No!

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope, and love, (best boons to mortals given,)
Wav'd their bright wings, and whisper'd—
Yes! in heaven.

Kilmarnock, November 1st, 1846.

THE INQUIRY ANSWERED.

Tell me, ye twinkling STARS,
That gild the azure sky,
If in your distant rounds,
Some place of bliss you spy.
Some peaceful happy home,
Where souls *forever* rest,
Or will they yet *return*,
To *earth* when it is blest?
The stars all wink'd, as if unfond to tell,
Then whispering, said—On earth the saints shall dwell.

Tell me, thou glistening SEA,
Bright looking glass of heaven,
If earth shall e'er again
To happy saints be given?
Say, if when wreck'd on thee,
Wilt thou again restore
Their long-lost sunken barks,
That never came ashore?
The wild waves dash'd along in merry strain,
And echoed back—On earth they'll meet again.

And thou, majestic SUN,
In glory dazzling bright,
Say if that blessed home
Enjoyed by saints in light,
Be like thy bright career,
One moonless, cloudless race,
All luminous, and gay,
Beyond the bounds of space!
Behind a cloud the sun then hid his face,
And blushing, said—The earth's their resting place.

Come, spirit stirring THOUGHT,
And faith that ever brings
The soul's celestial bliss,
Of all created things,
Say, wouldst thou love to dwell
For ever here below,
Where all our loves, and fears,
And social friendships grow?
Yes, yes! the soul replies, in hope's exulting strain,
Tho' blest with God above, we'll reign on earth again.

LYON.

NOTICES.

Persons procuring post-office orders to send to us are requested to be particular *in giving our name correctly. Some orders have come payable to "Horse and Hide"—some to "Horson Ide." To avoid giving an incorrect pronunciation of our name, the person wishing to procure an order for us had better write our name on paper, in a plain legible hand, and present it to the Post Master issuing the order. This will save us trouble. Remember that our name is*—ORSON HYDE.

A committee, consisting of seven responsible men, chosen by the Liverpool branch, under our approval and approbation, have been appointed to wind up the affairs of the Joint Stock Company. We feel happy to say that we cheerfully and confidently deliver over into their hands all papers, books, accounts, and monies belonging to the said company that have come into our possession, for we consider them fully competent and fully disposed to close the concern in a judicious and equitable manner. Their names are as follows:—

James Marsden, *President.*
Thomas D. Brown, *Secretary.*
John Clements, *Treasurer.*
Robert Wiley,
James M'Guffie,
George Allen
Matthew Hicks,
} *Counsellors.*

We have received a balance sheet from the officers of the company, and this committee will examine it and make their report—which, with the contents of the sheet itself, will appear in our next. All letters hereafter upon the affairs of the Joint Stock Company, must be addressed to Thomas D. Brown, No. 6, *Gorse Piazza. Letters requiring an answer must contain a postage stamp.*